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direction. Being a man of taste and of mental alertness, he combined elements of character by no means usual.

Born in Black Lake, New York, and graduating from college, this future art dealer commenced earning his living as a grocer's clerk. Hard by the grocery was the art gallery of Martin O'Brian, and this veteran dealer, fascinated by the capable young man, employed him as a salesman in 1868, and as such he remained with the firm nearly twenty years. He then started galleries on his own account. His business prospered, but the locality was not sufficiently respectable for the growing pros-

perity of the region. Michigan Boulevard, close by, was beautifying itself immeasurably. So the several art stores were removed to the new boulevard facing the lake. As was natural, all prospered.

Most remarkable was the influence that Mr. Thurber had with struggling artists, even inducing some dissipated ones to turn their backs on evil habits and brace themselves up for serious work.

Such is the history of a remarkable man, whose heart ceased beating a few days ago, giving no warning and accompanied by no racking pains. Stepping out suddenly, life scarcely said "good-bye."

Turner and Constable

By WILLIAM JAMES

IT is a remarkable fact that two great English artists came into the world at nearly the same moment, Turner and Constable. Observe that the word "great" is used here, because others, who may have seen the light at the same time, have never deserved that title or had it forced upon them by admiring friends. The moment is interesting to us Americans because we, as a nation, graduated from the training school of colonialism and elbowed aside our tutors, entered the condition of self-instruction and individuality. The Battle of Bunker Hill, in 1775, introduced a new political birth in America, and also a new art birth in England, because the genius, William Joseph Mallord Turner, who was then two months' old, came into existence.

A year later in 1776, which saw the declaration of American Independence, came another man, Constable, the landscape painter; and he was also wonderful. The world has been slow to give this latter his true glory. Probably it may not be asserted that Constable has been popular, but the rise in value of his pictures, in the auction room, during the last few years proves that collectors, with keen insight, have be-

come aware of the high order of his genius. When we consider the state of English landscape painting, and that of other countries as well, at this moment the originality and independence of Constable become startling in our eyes. Landscape painting was tied up in red tape and conventionalism. The artists did not see nature's simplicities correctly. Constable's truth appealed to but a few because not many could appreciate an original genius. Of course there are always some that do comprehend and Constable managed to make a living. This son of the miller of the river Stour, because of his simple and economical habits, expended but little. His space on the walls of the Royal Academy was regularly and suitably filled, but the pictures excited much ridicule and contempt, and were never received with hearty commendation. They were too correct, too like nature and not enough like the accepted mannerisms.

Constable had the ability to see the real light of day coquetting with the local colors of trees and grass, and the courage to paint this boldly, although many tried to convince him that pictures should be formulated affairs made according to certain

rules. His technique must have appeared brutal to those artists accustomed to smooth vaporings. That sort of handling is admired now and it is very plain that this Englishman was the father of the Barbizon school. When he exhibited his pictures in Paris, a swarm of young painters could find but too few words to express their admiration. The struggle for recognition on the part of these young artists makes a most interesting history, and the fight was long drawn out. It was Constable's comprehension of the subtle truths of nature, added to his forceful execution, which accounts for a long line of master painters in Europe and America even until this day. For years his pictures went regularly to the salon of Paris, and some of them are now in the Louvre.

Turner was a poet, Constable a literalist of strong artistic temperament. Turner never handled paint as boldly as Constable but the poetry in his works has made its powerful impression. At the commencement of his life he was nearly as much a literalist as Constable. His picture called "Frosty Morning" is a wonderful work, a sincere rendering of a pastoral scene, in which one felt the frozen earth, the frost on the herbage and the chill in the weather. It was very simple in composition and had no attractions aside from its truth. Turner turned aside from the exact rendering of nature to invent methods, combinations of color and, above all, superb poetic effects made for the sake of fine lines and majestic renderings. The writings of Ruskin to the contrary notwithstanding, I will assert that Turner was never (after his first earnest literalism) so truthful a painter as Constable. Had the latter had his literary promoter the world might have quite different ideas about him. Turner did, however, develop into the most poetic landscape painter the world has ever seen. Turner's search for effects of light and color finally led him into seeming chaotic confusion. His paintings were abstractions,

and such abstractions are the glory of art and they really amount to something. If the later pictures were wild, it simply shows that Turner went a little too far. The famous "Blue Lights and Rockets," recently sold at auction at an immense price, is pure poetry. "The Snow Storm at Sea," called "Yeast and Soapsuds," is a tremendous presentation of the impression made by such a scene, although there is not an inch of truth in it. Were it true the effect might be very commonplace. Turner painted many portraits of places, but it is with great difficulty that we recognize the locality which gave him his motive. His "Heidelberg" is somewhat like the actual scenes but marvelously idealized. I can hardly suggest anything more beautiful than this magnificent picture. The "Rain Steam and Speed" is one of the wonderful pictures of the world. A railway train rushes straight into the foreground over a stone bridge. The spectator looks down directly over the parapet to the waters of a navigable river, where a slow going barge makes strong contrast with the speed of the moving train, and on the other side a heavy plowman helps on the contrast. Over this wide spreading landscape rises a lofty sky, filled with one of the best representations of wildly swirling rain that I have ever seen. This is not absolute truth but suggests powerfully reality. Just in front of the locomotive there is a little streak of something which we guess may be a scared rabbit, trying to outrun the locomotive. In the painting it is a mere streak, but, when reproduced by the engravers, the spot was translated into a veritable rabbit, to please the short sighted, no doubt. There was a short period in his life in which he imitated the mannerisms of Claude Lorrain, but the rest of the time he was quite independent. The man was an art genius and could not help being individual, and many of his best pictures show no remembrance of Claude's work. Ruskin constantly dwelt on Turner's truth

to Nature, nor ever understood that it was poetry, not truth, which made Turner great, and turned aside to abuse Constable, as almost everybody else did at that time. Some of these words are quoted from Pattison's "Painters Since Leonardo."

The present writing is inspired by the recent exhibition, at the Art Institute of Chicago, of five pictures, owned by Mrs. W. W. Kimball, placed there for the benefit of all who can appreciate their worth. There is neither catalog of them nor descriptive tablets; nor is their owner calling attention to herself or them; even their titles are lacking. But titles would add nothing to the beautiful example of Hobbema, or the fine Corot, or the large and brilliant portrait of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the others in this group. Only these five masterpieces hang on the walls of this important gallery, and we are thankful that there are no more, to disturb the tender silence of the space.

Speaking of literalism recalls an important example of Turner's work, called "Conway Castle," which was exhibited at the gallery of Moulton and Ricketts some months ago. This was as literal as possible, but also artistically arranged. Beyond a dark, rich background, covering a large space, the fortified city of Conway (Wales) is tucked in at the foot of a rugged hill. The foreground is dark and very rich in color; the mountain and sky very cool. There is neither sunset nor other display of gay colors. All is honest, simple and quiet—a most dignified presentation of simple nature.

The Constable and the Turner are both large, the one six feet long and the other over eight feet. The Constable represents a simple English pastoral with such rugged ground as can be found almost anywhere, some figure or two in front and a bit of village over yonder. The upper half of

the canvas is very cool running to blue, the lower half is mildly warmer but has no positive hot colors; a simple, grave picture. Not alone are the various objects exceedingly true but they are quite free from affectation. The handling of trees and shrubbery is very facile and considerably rude. The sky is a marvel. Rarely do we see even the followers of Constable, and they are now very numerous, executing such a lively mass of windblown clouds. It is so spirited and sparkling that it takes one's breath away, and all over the landscape the light sparkles and the points glisten. It is wonderfully spirited and astonishingly true.

The Turner looks very large. It is marine, from Turner's earlier period, when he was, in a measure, naturalistic but already producing poetry. The cloudy sky is full of wind and the water is already driven into great waves. In fact the center of the picture shows us a ponderous sloop arising out of the trough of the sea. I call it a sloop though it is really one of those English luggers. Its masts are bending, its sails swelling in the winds, the crew are already lowering topsails, and its broad deck is crowded with a multitude of passengers, in many colors, who must be by this time well wetted with the spray. The movements of this massive boat could hardly be better. Just beyond it is another craft, its bellowing sails carrying as much wind as they can endure. A rowboat with passengers steals up toward the bigger boat, and a great black buoy carries the line over to the corner of the picture. The scene is exciting, not so very literal, not strictly true, but wonderfully vital. The brush work is fairly smooth and the color amber in tone, but with sufficient cool gray to keep up the balance. It is to be suspected that these pictures will hang during the entire summer and they are rare works worthy of extended study.